

so I can use them for mirrors to fix my hair on commuter  
trains  
so the night holds no surprises  
so the assassin & the bodyguard may change places at will

#### EVERYTHING & EVERYONE VS. RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

he died with his novels stories & poems in jaundiced  
paperbacks stacked on the shelves of every used  
bookstore in America  
he died with an empty wallet a typewriter layered in dust  
he died & tidal waves of pumpkins washed ashore on the  
Oregon coast  
he died & every trout in Montana knew  
he died & the winos of Potrero Hill lifted 5ths of Tokay  
in salute  
he died with his work — widely hailed abroad — derided  
by all but a handful of U.S. critics  
he died predeceased by the quality of mercy at the center  
of all his enterprise  
he died with a ghostly answering machine acting as  
spokesman so the maggots could do their work  
he died an officially listed suicide but was poisoned by  
the alchemy of fame & a strange & terrible incomplete-  
ness without which it's impossible to experience  
failure's bottomless fallings  
he died the angriest man in the world & the loneliest &  
what he died from guns have nothing to do with

— Jim Corey

Philadelphia PA

#### SWEPT AWAY

— in memory of James Schuyler

He sat quietly in his little apartment,  
weeping. James had been dead exactly one year,  
and the anniversary was turning out  
quite rough. He considered driving  
to the Atlantic, but decided not to do so —  
there was all the traffic he would have had to fight.

The bookshelves were quiet;  
Sappho, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe,  
Dickinson, Moore, Plath, Pound,  
Auden, Williams, Bishop  
did not call out to him. On a table,



volumes by O'Hara and Ashbery —  
and also one of James' books —  
lay next to an electric typewriter. They

also were quiet. He rose, walked  
to his tiny kitchen to prepare  
a salad. He could hear children

playing outside. He hoped  
they would all endure to and through  
adulthood, and thrive — he knew  
the risks were high of terrible events  
buffeting them.  
He sliced lettuce and cucumbers,  
washed carrots and cabbages,

reached toward the shelf  
where he kept vinegar, picked up  
an empty bottle. Damn.  
No vinegar. He would have to drive  
to a supermarket, or do without.

He gazed through a window  
at the setting sun.  
He began to weep again;  
losing James Schuyler was enormously difficult  
to deal with. He sat down on an old chair  
he had had for two decades.  
The children had fallen silent.  
He thought of the Atlantic.

#### THE READING

I dreamed I went  
to a poetry reading —  
e.e. cummings read  
some of his  
poems. I clapped  
several times,  
especially after he finished  
"if learned darkness from our searched world."  
He made some remarks,  
telling the crowd  
people shouldn't idolize  
those they admire.  
I made my way to the front,  
shook hands  
and asked his opinion  
of how the critics  
deal with his reputation.  
He frowned at me,